Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall have old swearing
That they did give the Rings away to men;
But weel out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou knowest where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.
Enter Lorenzo and Iessica. (*Exeunt.*
Lor. The Moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the *Trojan* walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Cressed* lay that night.
Iessi. In such a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.
Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Love
To come againe to *Carthage*.
Iessi. In such a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.
Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iew,
And with an unthrift Love did runne from *Venice*,
As farre as *Belmont*.
Iessi. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.
Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.
Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.
Enter a Messenger.
Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A

Messen. A friend.
Loren. A friend, what friend, ye
Mess. Stephano is my name, an
My Mistresse will before the brea
Be here at *Belmont*; she doth stray
By holy crosses, where she kneels
For happy wedlock houres.
Loren. Who comes with her
Mess. None but a holy Hermit
I pray you is my Master yet return
Loren. He is not, nor we have
But go we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the Mistres of
Clown. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho sola
Loren. Who calls?
Clown. Sola, did you see M. *Lor*
Loren. Leave hollowing man, h
Clown. Sola, where, where?
Loren. Heere.
Clown. Tell him there's a Post
horne full of good newes, my Ma
sweet soule.
Loren. Let's in, and there expect
And yet no matter: why should w
My friend *Stephen*, signifie I pray y
Within the house, your Mistres is
And bring your musique foorth in
How sweet the moon-light sleeps
Here will we sit, and let the sound
Creepe in our eares soft stilnesse, a
Become the tutches of sweet harm
Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore o
Is thick inlayed with pattens of br
There's not the smallest orbe whic
But in his motion like an Angel si
Still quiring to the young-eyed C
Such harmony is in immortall sou

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